

SATYRICAL, HUMOUROUS,
&
FAMILIAR PIECES.
Poetry.

1.

Phillips's Splendid Shilling.

A Medicine for the Ladies.

Lord Chesterfield's Advice to Lady Fanny Shirely.

The Cookmaid Mary's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.

Cowper's facetious History of John Gilpin.

A Receipt to make a Love Letter.

The Seeker, by Matth. Green.



PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.

Palace-street, Manchester.

Sold by T. KNOTT, No. 47, Lombard-street;

and CHAMPAGNE & WHITROW, Jewry-street, London.

1795.

6.

Ha
In s
A Sp
New
But
To J
Whe
Tran
Chlo
Wish
Mean
Or p
But
And
With
(Wro
Then
In g
Reg
As v
Exh
Not
Smo
Spru
Full
O'e
Upo
Hig
To v
Or
Ycl

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

BY J. PHILLIPS.

"-----Sing, heavenly Muse!

" Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme;"

A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smoaks, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's stream

Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil,
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

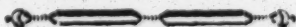
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conick beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disast'rous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endu'd; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft

Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelope, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thought's
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish and rave; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:

But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain—awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue!)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charybdis, (dang'rous rocks)
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
 The crouding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
 The mariners; death in their eyes appears; [pray:
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
 Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.



A MEDICINE FOR THE LADIES.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night, th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As "You're a fool!"—and, "You are mighty wise!"

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began,—for hat and sword he'd call;
Then, after a faint kiss,—cry, "B'y", dear Moll:
"Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."
"And, what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose?"
"Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
"Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!"

Oft', as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come;
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he dust venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
" 'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
"And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
"Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
"Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;

" 'Till morn sends stagg'ring home a drunken beast,
 " Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest." [spouse!
 " Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear, my dam'd obstrep'rous
 " What, can't you find one bed about the house?
 " Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
 " That rival to the softness of a mill!"

Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
 Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
 With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
 To an old uncle oft' she would complain,
 Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
 Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was,
 " Cheer up!" cry'd he, "and I'll remove the cause."

" A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
 " Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
 " Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
 " The best elixir t' appease man and wife;
 " Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
 " 'Tis water call'd; but worth its weight in wine.
 " If, in his sullen airs, Sir John should come, [mum:
 " Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then
 " Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage & scold,
 " Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
 " One month this sympathetic medicine try'd,
 " He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
 " But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
 " Or ev'ry pratt'ling hussey 'll beg a dose."

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
 Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
 Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
 And, female-like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
 Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war.
 Entering, he cries—" Hey! where 's our thunder
 " No hurricane? Betty 's your lady dead?" [fled?
 Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.

Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
"Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about—"Why, let me die!
"These night-clothes, Moll, become you mightily!"
With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd.
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone,—then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion and her happy state!

"Why, niece," says he,—"I prithee apprehend,
"The water's water,—be thyself thy friend;
"Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
"But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
"Be silent and complying;—you'll soon find,
"Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind."



113

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ADVICE TO LADY FANNY SHIRELY.

Asses milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before;
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone,
There's no pleasure in bed.—Mary, bring me my gown:
Slip it on ere you rise; let your caution be such;
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too
Your pinnets set right, your twitcher ty'd on, [much
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done;
Retire to some author, improving and gay, [day.
And with sense like your own, set your mind for the
At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 't is clear:
But mark in the meadows the ruin of time;
Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime.
Return not in haste nor of dressing take heed;
For beauty like yours, no assistance can need.
With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit:
Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round;
As it pleases your mind, to your health 't will redound.
After dinner two glasses at least, I approve;
Name the first to the king, and the last to your love:
Thus cheerful, with wisdom, with innocence gay,
And calm with your joys, gently glide thro' the day.
The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They are tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance or a song,
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
All care, but of Love, banish far from your mind,
And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO
DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my
mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where
you were bred.
I'm sure such words do not become a man of your
cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheri-
dan! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame
and a sin;
And the Dean my master is an honestest man than
you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger, than you
have in your whole body:
My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to
my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so
late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a christian
tian eat grass!



Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary. Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;

I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in the year;

And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking:

Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking;)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—

I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.

And now I must go, & get Saunders to direct this letter; For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Marget, she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF
JOHN GILPIN,

showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe
home again.

BY WM. COWPER, ESQ.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,—
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair:

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender
Will lend his horse to go.

B

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,

When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he sat out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
*Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried-out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles, off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?
Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender
In merry guise he spoke:
I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.
The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;
Whence strait he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.
He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus shew'd his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as your's,
They therefore needs must fit.
But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat for well you may
Be in a hungry case.
Said John, It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.
So turning to his horse he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

tell;

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!

For which he paid full dear;

For, while he spake, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he

Had heard a lion roar,

And gallop'd off with all his might,

As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went Gilpin's hat and wig!

He lost them sooner than at first,

For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw

Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,

She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said

That drove them to the Bell,

This shall be your's when you bring back

My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet

John coming back amain,

Whom in a trice he tried to stop

By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,

And gladly would have done,

The frightened steed he frighted more,

And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went post-boy at his heels!

The post-boy's horse right glad to miss

The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road

Thus seeing Gilpin fly,

With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,

They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too!
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd 'till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!



A RECEIPT TO MAKE A LOVE-LETTER.

A pointed dart with anguish tipt,
 A cup of poison, take;
 An opening bud, untimely nipt,
 A victim at a rack.

A bleeding heart, a vestal flame,
 A mind in deep despair,
 A thousand tortures without name,
 And sigh out, Killing Fair!

Each look that faintly speaks disdain,
 A flash of lightning call;
 And should she give denial plain,
 Be that a thunder ball.

Ten thousand oaths, all well apply'd,
 Must, here in course be ta'en;—
 Tho' they're all meant to be bely'd,
 And taken o'er again.

Swear that her eyes are two bright stars,
 Her cheeks exceed the rose,
 And purer white than lily bears
 On her soft bosom flows.

Her lips must crimson velvet be,
 And silver all her teeth;
 Sweeter than any nutmeg tree
 Must be her spicy breath.

The sun must be as cold as ice,
 When with your flame compar'd;
 Nay, light be darkness in a trice,
 If she but speak the word.

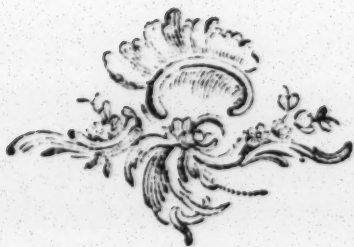


Then, you must break your heart in two;—
Send her the better half:—
She'll, may be, say 'tis something new,
And condescend to laugh:

And when she laughs the sun must shine
With an enlivening ray;—
Her smile be brightness all divine,
A perfect summer's day.

Let daggers, poisons, blood, and death,
Fill every other line;
Between them let the gentle breath
Of soft persuasion shine.

First talk of love, and then the grave,
Of racks and woodbine bow'rs;
Now swear, now praise, kiss, weep, and rave;
In time she must be yours.



THE SEEKER.

BY MR. MATTHEW GREEN.

When I first came to London, I rambled about
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out;
Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's Inn,
Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin;
Who, spider like, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;
Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation;
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,
Ah! pity your soul, come, be of our sect,
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect;
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,
Being Christ's little flock ev'ry where spoke against.

Said a jolly church parson devoted to ease,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,
If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three, [hand,
Tho' about ways and means they may all disagree;
Then prithee be wise, go the quaker's by-way,
Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.

A SONNET.

Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega.
Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176.

Capricious W—— a Sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before:—A Sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it;
'Tis good howe'er t'have conquer'd the first stave.

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' th' midst o' th' second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.

Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to shorten,
There's thirteen lines got through dribblet by dribblet.
'Tis done! count how you will, I warrant there's
fourteen.



